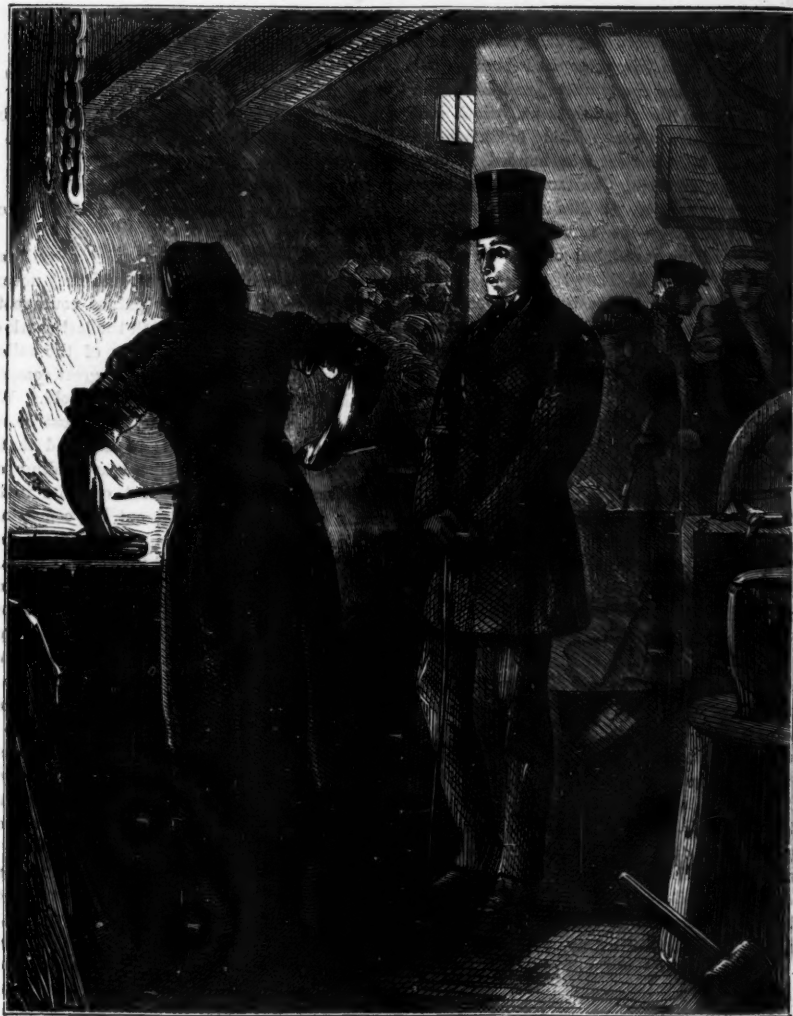


# THE QUIVER

Saturday, March 27, 1869.



"'I am on piecework,' Philip replied."—p. 339.

## ESTHER WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE."

### CHAPTER LI.—BAD TIDINGS.

**T**HE daily paper did not reach Redhurst until after breakfast, so Mr. Vaughan escaped the temptation, common to other men, to obscure himself behind the broad sheet during a moiety of the meal.

Against this temptation Mr. Palmer was not proof; but Milly tolerated this, and all his other failings, with more than patience—indeed, had been even heard to commend the objectionable practice, and to

pick up contentedly the crumbs of intelligence which fell from the lips of her lord and master. Constance, on the other hand, could not endure it, and now that she was left alone with her father, she regularly cut the paper in two, and shared the reading of it with him.

It was now five days since the departure of Kate and Harry, and life was returning into its ordinary channels. Father and daughter had breakfasted together with tolerable cheerfulness, and had even talked of taking up their usual tasks, which had been laid aside for a time. After breakfast, as usual, the damp, folded sheet was handed in by a maid-servant, and seized by Constance with a faint return of her usual avidity. So dies in human hearts the thought of parting—the furrows follow for a while the wake of the vessel, but only to be effaced at last.

There was still a fire in the breakfast-room, for the weather had been unusually cold and stormy, and Constance spread the paper before the grate, while she stood on the hearthrug dividing it with her paper-knife.

"There is your half," she said, cheerfully, handing the sheet to her father; "you like the summary first."

"Yes, I like to choose what I shall read," he replied, with almost equal cheerfulness.

Constance smiled, for he accused her of reading what she called "the horrors." Then, as he settled himself in his chair, she went off with her portion into her favourite nook in the window behind him.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, only broken by the rustling of the paper in their hands; but at the end of that time Mr. Vaughan was startled by a deep groan and a heavy fall. He looked round in terror, and saw Constance lying in a heap on the floor. She had fainted. Mr. Vaughan's alarm was not unnatural. Thanks to fresh air and exercise, to freedom from care, and well-disciplined minds, the young ladies of Redhurst were not given to fainting fits. Mr. Vaughan had never seen one of his daughters faint, and Constance had always been the most robust of the three.

If he had looked round the minute before he would have seen her rise to her feet, and, clasping her hands with a look of agony, vainly frame her lips to speak. Ringing the bell for the servants, Mr. Vaughan hastened to raise her, or, rather, to lay her in an easier posture. But she did not long remain insensible. She soon opened her eyes, and took the draught of water which the maid held to her lips. They lifted her to a sofa, and laid her there, and still she could not speak; though with the return of consciousness came the return of the agony, which again convulsed her face. At length she found relief in weeping. Her father, attributing her suffering to physical pain, proposed that the doctor should be sent for; but she shook her head, and at length found voice enough to ask the maid to

leave her. Then, pointing to the paper, she cried out, through her tears, "Oh, poor papa!"

Agitated and grieved as he was, Mr. Vaughan lifted the paper from the floor to place it on the table, without in the least connecting it with his daughter's sudden illness; but as he did so a heading in large letters met his eye—

"FOUNDING OF THE 'CITY!'"

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE!"

It was his turn to drop the silent messenger of evil tidings. "My child!—my child!" he cried, burying his head in his hands, and flinging himself on his knees by the side of Constance.

She could only repeat, "Poor papa!"

There were no other words uttered between them that morning.

Over the first agonising grief a veil must be drawn. No one witnessed it, and they never spoke of it—never told how they gained courage to read the awful story, and to quench the last spark of hope as they learnt that only a few of the sailors had escaped, that all the rest of that great company had perished. Such things cannot be told. We only know that, from time to time, they must be suffered.

To not a few households in England that morning's paper carried the like heartrending anguish and dismay. Mr. Palmer sat opposite to his fair young wife as she poured out his coffee, and was glad to know that his face was concealed from her behind the page, as he read the terrible news. With the paper trembling in his trembling hands, he looked up at her, dreading to communicate the intelligence which would quench those pleasant smiles for many a morning to come. Once and again he fixed his eyes on the headings with a kind of fascination and tried to speak. And when at last he said, "Milly, my darling!" in a tone so choked and uncertain, and unlike his own, that she rose and came over to his side, he was forced to allow her to read for herself, only flinging an arm about her in silence and clasping her to his heart at the moment when she saw it all.

After the first burst of sorrow, nothing would satisfy her but to go at once to her father; and Herbert, finding it impossible to leave her, accompanied her thither. They felt, both of them, that the shock which they had suffered, severe as it was, had come to them through the resisting medium of their own happiness—a happiness which, in its perfect circle, isolated them to a certain extent from the whole world, and that Constance and her father would suffer infinitely more.

Mr. Carrington, too, read the announcement at the breakfast-table, and startled his mother by an exclamation of horror—startled her out of her morning quiet, and took away her peace and comfort for the rest of the day. She was certainly awe-stricken and sorrowful on account of the three young people whom she had known and seen so lately in the bloom of

youth and beauty; but her principal concern was for her son, who, pale as death, had hurried out of the house, in the midst of her lamentations, leaving his breakfast wholly untasted.

He, too, was speedily on his way to Redhurst, to offer his services to the Vaughans, in case there was anything to be done.

But there was nothing. In ordinary cases of bereavement there is always something to do, in the doing of which the first violence of sorrow finds vent, and is relieved: but for those whom the sea has devoured there are no last rites to be paid; no last looks can be taken of their faces; no flowers can be strewn upon their bodies; left in the depths,

"To toss with tangle and with shells,"

nothing remains to be done for them, but to sit down and weep.

The evening papers confirmed the intelligence, and gave the particulars of the disaster, as taken down from the mouths of the survivors.

For the first two days after leaving Plymouth, the weather had been moderate; but on the second night it began to blow, and before morning one of the masts of the ship had been carried away. All day the gale continued with unabated fury, and one by one the other masts went overboard, hanging over the sides of the heavily-laden ship, a mass of timber and cordage. A vain attempt was made to secure them, but the gale blew harder than ever, and the lurching vessel shipped heavier and heavier seas. As long as the engine-pumps kept going there had been hope, but at length a tremendous sea rushed down into the saloon, and the fires in the engine-room were extinguished. Then the boats had been got out, and the attempt made to save as many as possible. As usual, however, the boats were unworkable, and first one and then another was swamped as soon as lowered. None but sailors would enter the only remaining boat, which pulled off in safety from the foundering ship, and in a few minutes saw her sink, and all on board perish.

This was the narrative of the survivors, as given in the public prints, and there seemed nothing more to be learnt. But the sailors had been brought up to London, and Mr. Carrington took upon himself the melancholy task of visiting them, to see if he could learn anything concerning the dear peculiar few, in whose fate he and his friends were so deeply interested. All that he could hope for was some mournful, perhaps harrowing, glimpse of them in the last extremity, but even that seemed better than the indiscriminate silence.

One of the men was sure that he remembered Harry helping to clear the ship.

"A young man with hair and beard as bright as gold," prompted Carrington.

"Ay, sir; as bright as his watch-chain, and it glittered in the sun."

"And dressed in blue?"

"Dressed in blue, sir; and a capital sailor. It wasn't the first time he had been to sea. Could keep his feet, and take a wetting, like any old salt." The sailor added touches which showed him light as foam to the last.

But as for the women, the sailors remembered none of them. It was too early in the voyage to get acquainted with the looks of the passengers. Very few had even been on deck. They had mostly kept to their cabins and said their prayers, and given wonderful little trouble.

"And that same golded-haired young man," again prompted Carrington, with quivering lips; "had he any one with him—had he a wife?"

"Yes, he had a wife below; but for that, he would have been with us. We could have taken him, but he wouldn't leave her, though we tried to persuade him. The passengers were either afraid to trust the boat, or they had some on board they wouldn't leave, sir. He was one o' them. He wouldn't leave her; though for once he looked a little white like as he watched us shoving off."

"And then?"

"And then, sir, he went below," and the spokesman paused with a look in his face which put an end to further questioning.

This was something for Mr. Carrington's pains. Harry had refused to leave Kate at last. Perhaps, in the supreme hour of separation, there had come to them a union of spirit, which had gone far to take away the bitterness of death.

Concerning Esther all was blank.

## CHAPTER LII.

### LOVE AND LOSS.

THERE was no reserve among the friends at Redhurst now. Each knew the other's sorest trial and loss. Mr. Vaughan's self-upbraidings found their counterpart in those of Mr. Carrington.

The sorrow of both had in it that element of a haunting regret, which gives more of lasting desolation to the heart than anything else; but, in its manifestations, Mr. Vaughan's grief was more like remorse. He blamed himself for having urged Kate to go with her husband. If he had but listened to her prayer, she would have been with him now, instead of gone from him for ever. From the expressions which he let fall, Constance could see how he was dwelling on this thought. It was, indeed, rapidly prostrating him, both in body and mind. He had presumed once more to take upon himself the direction of another's life, and with what a result!—a result at once immediate and final.

It was a very dangerous channel of thought for a mind so sensitive and distrustful of itself to pursue—one into which only such minds are apt to fall. The self-sufficient of the world pass every day, not over the dead bodies, but over the dead souls—dead to faith, and hope, and charity—which they had helped

to slay, murmuring, triumphantly, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But such as Mr. Vaughan feel the pressure of their responsibility for others, to the furthest issues of their lightest acts. He once confessed that he could not look a beggar in the face, and deny him an alms, as he felt bound to do, because his reason condemned an indiscriminate charity, without being haunted by the misgiving, that the refusal might be one stroke more in the bitter process of hardening a human heart.

It was no fanciful alarm which Constance felt, and communicated to Mr. Carrington, when she found her father brooding on such thoughts as these. Every feeling of self died out of her heart in the intensity of her care for him, and she consulted Mr. Carrington as freely as if he had been a brother; and in those dark days he proved himself worthy of her trust. Always pervaded by a tender melancholy, which formed the background on which the light of his intellect and fancy played, there was reason to fear that Mr. Vaughan's mind might sink into hopeless gloom.

"If I had but allowed her to stay," was the constant burden of his thoughts. His intellect seemed to centre more and more on that terrible "if." His fancy lost its spring; he sat like a man who has been paralysed, looking straight before him, hour after hour—looking, and yet seeing nothing. No wonder that Constance was alarmed.

Between Mr. Palmer's strongly-marked mind, taking dark enough views of life and human nature sometimes, but always at home in the region of the practical and practicable, and that of Mr. Vaughan, there had always been a slight dissonance. It now came out clearer than ever, when the more sensitive spirit was rendered still more sensitive by suffering. Mr. Palmer did him harm, rather than good.

It was Mr. Carrington who proved Constance's best ally in sustaining her father's spirit. Every hour he could spare he spent with them, and in their service. He told Mr. Vaughan the story of his love and loss, and of his everlasting regret. The part he had played toward Esther, though a more passive one than that which Mr. Vaughan had acted toward his daughter, was yet similar enough to allow of a deep sympathy between the elder and the younger man. But their natural positions seemed to have been reversed. It was the younger who brought the power of a broadly Christian philosophy to bear upon their common sorrow.

It has been said, that there was no reserve among the friends; and there was none, except on the part of Constance, and that was the sacred secret of her love, which she had buried in her heart, and which seemed, somehow, to belong entirely to the past, and to make a part of its sweetness, as well as of its pain. It gave her no pain in the present.

It was a lovely morning. Spring was abroad, filling the garden with blossom, and sunshine, and

song. And it was Sabbath. They were going to the village church together—father and daughter and friend, and the two latter had stepped out into the garden a little before the time. Constance was clad, for the first time, in black. She had been so quiet in her sorrow hitherto, that no special sympathy had been offered to her by her companion. She had seemed to give, rather than to seek support. They walked, in silence, a little way down a side walk that led to the orchard, the sunshine falling on their path. The place was one flash of beauty—one chorus of song. The birds sang as if they would leave no pause in their singing.

"The world is too sad for this!" said Constance, calmly; but before her companion could answer, she had stopped and burst into a passion of weeping. It was as if her own voice had called it forth.

"Dear Constance," said Mr. Carrington, tenderly, "you have needed sympathy, and I have been selfishly claiming it from you."

He tried to comfort her, but it seemed that he was powerless. She stood among the blossoms, shaken with passionate sobs. The birds sang on with persistent, piercing sweetness; Mr. Carrington uttered an involuntary "Hush!" over which, at any other time, he would have smiled. Now he knew not what to do, unless he, too, could have wept.

"Your father must not find you thus," he whispered, at last.

"No," she answered, checking her sobs at once, and adding a murmur of thanks for the reminder. "I shall be better now," and she proceeded, turning half aside from him, to dry her eyes, and to pull her crape veil over her tear-stained face.

"How poor our attempts at comfort are," he said, as they moved on again in the direction she indicated—deeper still among blossomed trees.

"No, no; you have comforted us greatly," she replied. "You have sustained my father, as I could not have done. You, too, are greatly changed by this suffering."

"For the better, I hope," he said.

"Yes, for the better," she answered, simply.

"I do not feel it as you thought I should?" He was only leading her away from herself in asking the question.

"No."

"How did you think it would affect me?"

"More as it has done my father—with a paralysis of hopelessness. More as I felt just now, that sunshine, and blossom, and promise, and all putting forth of power, were vain things in a life that any moment might overwhelm."

"I have felt that often enough before, in the presence of such calamities, when they fall far away from the sphere of my life, and touched me nowhere. Shall I tell you what I feel now, when it has smitten me? I feel my life consecrated by the touch; it seems as if it belonged to her, and must not any



longer be a worthless thing to others—must not any longer be a thing to be idly thrown away. It has somehow lost its littleness, and become related to a larger life beyond. It has lost its littleness, and yet gained in individuality." He had spoken as if musing rapidly and eloquently. Then he added, in the lower tone of a confidence imparted, "If I may say it, I feel as if my life had been touched with a touch of divine power, and must henceforth belong to Him who gave it."

And Constance noticed that he uncovered his head, and bent it reverently, as he uttered the last words.

Then they turned to meet Mr. Vaughan, who was coming towards them, and Mr. Carrington hastened to offer him his arm, with the air of an affectionate son towards a stricken father. You would not before have called the latter "an old man;" you would have spoken of him as such to-day.

At the first opportunity, Mr. Carrington sought out Philip, for the two young men had pledged themselves to friendship. He went to Philip's lodging, but he was not there. "He has moved away from us," said the meek, poverty-stricken landlady; adding, in a tone of regret, "but I can tell you where he works."

Following the direction she gave, he went on to the workshop, and found Philip there. The workshop was a great square, enclosed by brick walls, and lighted from the roof. Fires were burning, blown by huge bellows, and hammers were ringing on every side.

Philip stood at an anvil near the doorway, raining thick blows on a piece of glowing iron. Mr. Carrington stood watching him till he came to a pause in his operations, and became conscious at the same time that some one was watching him.

"I suppose I must not detain you now," said Carrington, after a friendly greeting had passed between them. "Tell me where you live, and I will come and see you."

"I am on piece-work," Philip replied, "and can talk to you while this bar is heating;" and he thrust the piece of iron into the fire again, while he leant his weight on the beam of the bellows, and sent a shower of sparks up from the glowing furnace. "You must speak loud to be heard here," he added; "and yet your words won't reach anybody else's ears."

"Why have you gone away from the old place?"

asked Carrington, abruptly. Conversation conducted here was likely to be direct, at least.

"I have gone down east," he replied. "There's a band of us working down there."

"Will you give me work?" said Carrington.

"And welcome. What will you do?"

"Whatever I am fit for."

"That's the thing."

When they had exchanged these brief sentences, the conversation came to an end. It was significant that neither of them spoke of the lost.

But two or three days after, when they met by appointment in Philip's East-end lodging, to which Carrington went straight from his chambers, while his mother drove off to a dinner-party in solitary state, an allusion was made to the sad event—the first and the last allusion to it which passed between them.

Philip was cutting out work for Carrington, and was led to speak of the clergyman of the district. "He wants to know if we are sound before he will countenance and encourage us."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him our programme was very simple. To preach to these heathen nations what the Master preached—the love of the Father, and the salvation from sin!"

Carrington smiled. "And was he satisfied?"

"Not quite. He thought these were all well enough as far as they went; 'But,' he said, 'we are drifting into a sea of nothingness, Mr. Ward, where we ought to be quite sure of our ground.'"

"Rather difficult work," said Carrington. "Well?"


"I told him simply that we could not despair of reaching land, if the Master was on board. He is a good man, in spite of bad metaphor," added Philip. "Christian men sometimes forget that hope is a Christian duty—hope for self, and church, and world, a duty next to faith—perhaps greater, since charity is the greatest, and hope is nearer to charity. And there's no such thing as a sea of nothingness. We are all sailing on the ocean of Divine Love. No bad thing to be swallowed up in that."

Carrington understood the pathetic look on his companion's face, and both remained for a moment silent and sorrowful.

(To be continued.)

## A WORD AND A BLOW.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

OMETIMES it is a word and a blow, the word provokes the blow; sometimes it is a blow for a word, *i.e.*, instead of a word. But the blow is out of place wherever it comes. Yet it is the hardest lesson which Christianity teaches, to "avenge not yourselves, and not give

place unto wrath." Hence, among the qualifications of Christ's minister, prominence is given to the precept, that he should be "no striker." "To take the law into our own hands," finds its constructive parallel, as we shall presently show, in those theories of religion by which men take the Gospel in their own hands. The natural man seeks

alike his own vengeance and his own atonement, the vengeance on another, the atonement in himself; both founding their motive and action on the creature, instead of in the Creator. It is the same tone of mind which operates either issue—the not “yielding yourselves unto God,” the kindred meekness of which state of mind obeys the rule, “Be subject one to another.” Moses, ordinarily the meekest man on earth, is a remarkable illustration of the mistake and peril of “a blow for a word.” Angry at the people’s want of faith, he fell into their sin of impatient unbelief, and *smote* the rock, when he should have simply spoken to it. God bade him, “Speak ye to the rock,” and, instead of speaking, he smote it. Even in the instance of so distinguished a saint, it was seen how “the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.” I once thought Moses was, not unjustly, but severely punished, by the temporal forfeiture of Canaan, for “speaking unadvisedly;” but I dismissed the thought when the nature of his offence was more clearly perceived. Moses was punished, not so much for what he said, as for what he left unsaid, and for what he did; it was for smiting the rock, when he was bidden to “*speak* to it.” It was a blow instead of a word. Had he not smitten, when he should have spoken, he might not have been tempted to “speak unadvisedly” on other matters. The exposition of his offence lies in the mystery, wherein St. Paul affirms, “that rock was Christ.” On the first occasion of smiting the rock, Moses simply did as God commanded; that was faith. On the next occasion, he did precisely the opposite of what God commanded; that was unbelief. God said, “Speak ye unto the rock,” and, instead of speaking, he smote it; instead of the appeal to what had been already done, he presumed to do something more—it was the earliest germ of the anti-evangelical heresy of a repeated sacrifice, instead of the prayer of faith pleading a completed sacrifice.

The history presents the two occasions in the order following:—The hosts of Israel were perishing of thirst in a desert land, without springs or fountains of waters. They murmured, were ready to stone their magnanimous leader, and their impatience and unbelief escaped them in terms which plainly implied that the God of their fathers was as barren of resources as the wilderness in which he was to try and prove them. Thus they were naughty as well as needy; but the pitying eye and loving heart of God, passing by their unworthiness of the least of all his mercies, interposed on their behalf. Mercy rejoiced over judgment; but there must be the typical judgment to be rejoiced over. God’s law must be magnified, his attributes must be “made honourable.” Hence, in smiting another, instead of smiting *them*, “mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each

other.” Horeb smitten, and its streams gushing forth to the relief and deliverance of a perishing people, symbolised the work of Calvary, indicating the way, and the only way, of sovereign redeeming grace to helpless, dying sinners. After the people “drank of that rock, they waxed valiant in fight, putting to flight the armies of the alien.” But in a while they forgot God, and what things he had done for them, and, it would seem, as if in judgment on their sin, the rock for an interval of divine displeasure, suspended its outflow, and they were in as much suffering and peril of death as before. It is not one draught from the wells of salvation, nor drinking of it for a week, or a month, or a year, which can suffice a soul longing for the living God. If the water of life be ever withdrawn, “the soul is in a thirsty land;” and, like Ishmael, must perish, unless the angel of the covenant show it a spring.

Hence, in Numbers xx. 7—9, “The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and *speak ye* unto the rock before their eyes” (i.e., set them an example of prayer to Him, whom that already smitten rock typified—plead the finished work, the foregone mercy); “and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock.” Moses did part of God’s bidding, but, unhappily, he mingled with it acts and emotions of his own. Jealous as Elijah for the Lord of Hosts, he was under a like misapprehension of the Lord’s purpose. He heartily desired to obey God and serve his Church, but was tempted aside from God’s way of doing it. He had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, and unwittingly enhanced, rather than abated, the peril of his obstinate and afflicted people. He was bidden to take the rod, but was not bidden to use it. On the contrary, that very rod—not the lawgiver’s, but the priest’s—was the silent monitor of its office having been already discharged. He was bidden to speak to the rock, instead of which he *smote* it, and, therefore, also spake unadvisedly to the people. God had not denounced the congregation, but their minister condemned them as rebels; he dwelt on the iniquity of the sinners, instead of pointing them, and looking himself, to the merciful atonement already made for their sins. Thus, it was what he unadvisedly *did*, in again smiting the rock, thereby repeating the sacrifice, rather than anything he unadvisedly spake, which constituted the grave offence of Moses. It was not only want of obedience to the simple letter of God’s commandment, but his violation of its spirit, and spoiling the type which, long before the law was given, had taught the ever-abiding truth that Christ, the rock, once smitten, need never be smitten again, but would ever and alway afford its cleansing and

refreshing streams when invoked by the filial cry of faith. Whereas, on the other hand, virtually to set up another cross, to preach another Gospel, which is not another, to forget that there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, is "what man teacheth, and not what the Holy Ghost teacheth," and incurs their condemnation who "crucify the Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame." The fact is further suggestive, that the rod ordered to be taken to the rock, on this second occasion, was not the rod of Moses the lawgiver, but the rod of Aaron the priest, described in Numbers xx. 9 as lying "before the Lord," or before the altar where his priest ministered before him, and before his people. That rod of Moses with which, at the divine command, he smote the rock on the first issue of the waters, he took up with him to the hill-top, after Horeb was smitten, and it was never heard of more. Like the law which it signified, it was removed when its work was done. Its place, like the grave of its owner, no man knew; the work of both rock and rod was accomplished, and henceforth was not to be done over again. The type of the missing rod proclaims, by its significant absence, that all the demands of the law were fully met in His mediatorial person, who was wounded for our sins, bruised, smitten of God, and afflicted; by whose stripes we were healed. Whereas, Aaron's rod, directed, in chapter xvii., to be "laid up in the tabernacle of the congregation before the testimony," makes no mention about smiting, but is more eloquent than Aaron himself in its typical prediction of the resurrection priesthood of the Lord Jesus. The dead rod, budding and bringing forth buds, blossoms, and almonds, lying before the testimony, guaranteed the covenant of grace and remission of sins, as the Lord said, "Thou shalt quite take away their murmurings from me, that they die not."

Thus we perceive how consistent with the analogy of faith would have been the act of Moses holding forth the budding, blooming, and fruit-bearing rod from beside the mercy seat, blending its emblem of the foregone, finished work, and in answer to his prayer of faith, the waters issuing forth abundantly; and how utterly in contradiction to its typical purport it was, to smite the rock again with the very rod whose symbolic phenomena pledged the success and efficacy of the foregone blow. It was unwittingly striking at the doctrine implied in the act of his own rod, of the perfect and sufficient atonement of a mediator, and guaranteed in his priestly brother's rod, of the untransferable and eternal priesthood of the Mediator, after whose similitude ariseth no other priest. Thus, it was not so much what he spake unadvisedly to the people, as that he smote unadvisedly the rock, which constituted, what may be termed, the symbolical sin of Moses, which entailed on him

the symbolical penalty of his personal exclusion from the promised land. God was "angry with Moses," said David, "for their sakes," and, through them, for our sakes. The lawgiver's loss of Canaan was to intimate the peril—which any version of his error incurs—of the loss of heaven. Alas! there are teachers now-a-days who, like the "scribes and Pharisees, sit in Moses's seat," inculcating, with cathedral pomp and vainglory, the same heresy, with less excuse for their inadvertence—if not wilful unbelief. Blind teachers of the blind, both falling into the ditch together—that ditch into which one greater than they for a moment fell, and jarred, by the solitary discord of his fall, the otherwise unbroken harmony of "the song of Moses the servant of God, with the song of the Lamb." The Christian life is like a harp, which may be screwed up to concert pitch with the melodies of truth to-day, but wants fresh tuning to-morrow, and needs its tone to be kept up day by day, or it will lose its music. But He who sang the Paschal hymn with his disciples daily "puts a new song in their mouths," which enables them to go on their way rejoicing.

The believer realises the truth of Christ being in him a well of water, springing up into eternal life, daily knows and feels that "all his fresh springs are in Christ," that he is bidden at all times, and under all his troubles, to "speak to the rock," pleading with that importunity of faith that will not let him go until he bless him; resting on his Saviour's testimony to his own finished work, by which he hath so perfected for ever them that are sanctified, that there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. Nor if there were, could he trust it, as he feels he can trust his whole man—body, soul, and spirit—to the sacrifice already accepted. To repeat it is to imply its insufficiency, and God forbid he should so disparage, even in thought, the adequacy of a divine atonement. Is it for man to supplement a supposed defect of God? This is, indeed, to set aside the word for a blow—to smite again him whom God hath smitten—to be less tender to the risen and living Saviour, than the soldiers of Pilate were to his crucified body, who seeing he was dead already, brake not his legs. The theory of a repeated sacrifice displays no such forbearing reverence. It first crucifies its Lord afresh, and then deals its infatuated dogmatic blows on the crucified, "not discerning the Lord's body."

Christians of the Bible! adhere to the Bible, and not to the traditions, hypotheses, or inventions of man. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" "Speak to the rock, and it shall give forth his waters." If even a Moses smites, instead of speaks, ye have not so learned Christ. "Obey God rather than men." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." It is as true in the Gospel as it

was under the law, that "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Moses unadvisedly smote the rock, but it was not the smiting which elicited the streams; the waters flowed in spite of the smiting. Mercy, and not Moses, turned them on. Israel's thirst was slaked, their complaints silenced, their souls rebuked, and yet their hearts cheered. The sequel showed that the blow for the word had left no responsive echo in their minds. On the contrary, when they addressed words of conciliation and peace to their brethren of Edom, entreating a passage through their land, and that boon was refused, sooner than come to blows, they went another route. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Those restive spirits, so recently in open rebellion against God and Moses, were now under the influence of a holier and more loving temper. They had "drank of that rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ," whose example was, "when he was reviled, he reviled not again, but committed himself unto him that judgeth righteously." When the Samaritans withstood him, instead of calling down fire from heaven to consume them, as his disciples wished, "he went to another village."

Christianity teaches, not a blow for a word, but a word for a blow; "the soft answer that turneth away wrath." It is opposed alike to self-avenging between man and man, and to self-atoning between man and God. The two principles of self-avenging and atoning are cognate, and their moral affinity accounts for religious persecution. The disappointed conceit and mortified pride of human nature resents believers' denial of their own atonements by avenging themselves upon them. And all the more bitterly that on this point, for their Master's honour, Christians dare not yield. They are content to suffer for their faith, but cannot part with it. Their only retaliation is the word for the blow, the word that prayed, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" Nobler triumph than was ever achieved by force of arms, is the self-subjection won by the force of truth. When a great man, a saint like Moses, succumbs to the temptation to wrath, instead of its inducing us to shelter ourselves under his example, it should rather serve as a gauge by which to estimate the tempter's power, and drive us to "the strong for strength."

Do you suppose yourselves so fixed in your orthodox belief as to stand aloof beyond the reach of temptation to doctrinal heresy? Perhaps Moses thought so, yet he smote the rock; perhaps David thought so, yet Nabal's message to him almost issued in a word and a blow, had not the blow been averted by Abigail's seasonable word. Perhaps no man, under whatever provocation, ever regretted having exchanged a soft word for a hard

blow; whereas many a blow has afterwards smitten the smiter with infinitely greater moral pain than any physical suffering which he had inflicted on his victim. Violence is not evidence, blows are no proofs. A good cause does not require them, and they only make a bad one worse. Yet it is the most popular weapon of the natural man, though its indulgence plunges him into the guilt and peril of disobedience. Besides, retaliation is not ours, "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and atonement is equally his. The vindictive, or, in other words, the unforgiving spirit, is fatal to its own forgiveness. It can never pray, without condemning itself, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." If, in the moment of indignant impulse, when the self-avenging hand is lifted up to strike an innocent, or even an offending brother, our Lord's words occurred to the angry man, "So shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye forgive not every one his brother their trespasses," the memory of the Redeemer's word might intercept the blow. A precious word for a blow, that takes a glorious revenge, like His who sent his first message of pardon and salvation to the city which had lately scourged, mocked, spit upon, and nailed Him to a tree. A blow for a word, or a blow for blow, may set you right in the eyes of worldly men, whose carnal weapon it is; but "the weapons of your warfare are not carnal." Yours should ever be the word for a blow, the meek, yet majestic expostulation, which seems to have silenced the high priest's officer who struck the Saviour on his trial, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" Never a persecutor on earth could answer that appeal from human injustice and oppression to the righteous judgment of God!

Finally, learn from the general theme the need of being daily watered by prayer and communion with Christ. The rock was to be but once smitten, but to be constantly spoken to; one mediatorial blow, but many words of piety and peace. Become unprayerful, and you grow unwatchful. How can it be otherwise, when you have lost the watchword? Falling away of soul, and falling off in service, generally occur together. Peter, following the Lord "afar off," had first committed himself by "cutting off the servant's ear." The secret of quietness and assurance is habitual intercourse with God, and impartial obedience of his word. The backslider must return thither, if he would cease to be unhappy, and learn to pray that the bones which God had broken may rejoice. "You know your calling," St. Paul admonished believers, it is "unto fellowship with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ. It is like Enoch to walk with God; like the released demoniac to long to be with Jesus: like Paul to count all things but loss





TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

for the excellency of his knowledge—like the Maries to seek Jesus who was crucified, yet not in an empty tomb of forms and ceremonies, whence the divine life has departed, but in a risen, glorified Intercessor, whose covenant is, “to them that look for Him, to appear a second time without sin unto salvation.”

Your share of trials you may be called upon to bear, “for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” Many a hard blow from God’s providence, as well as from man’s enmity, may be your lot, but let no impatient or irritating words of yours resent, much less provoke, a blow; then for every blow shall be ministered the consolatory and sustaining word, and that so richly and unfailingly that you shall almost welcome the blow for the sake of the

word, in the spirit of those gallant converts of the cross who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing they had in heaven a better and enduring substance.

Are you oppressed, perhaps ready to faint, under the overwhelming sense of your many needs, your many sorrows, many searchings of heart? Speak to the Rock. Let no disappointment, no vexation in outward things tempt you to smite it again with a murmur of impatience, or a rebel cry of unbelief. Trust yourselves, and all you are, or hope to be, to “the shadow,” if needs be, of the great rock of the covenant of promise, and realise your portion among the redeemed of the Lord, whose “place of defence is the munitions of rocks, whose bread shall be given them, and their water shall be sure.”

### TWICKENHAM CHURCH, AND THE GRAVE OF POPE.



WICKENHAM is so ancient, that it has forgotten the origin of its own name; nor can the antiquaries themselves settle the dispute, these gentlemen being divided on the subject. The name has passed through a variety of forms; Twinam, Twitham, Twittanham, Twitenham, Twiccanham, Twicknam, and, lastly, Twickenham, being among the diversities. Pope himself wrote Twitenham; and Twiccanham is found in a record of the eleventh century.

Though the place is not mentioned in Domesday Book, it appears to be at least as ancient as the eighth century, when that fiery king, Offa of Mercia, so far honoured “Twittanham” as to grant some lands there to St. Saviour’s, Canterbury, that out of the annual proceeds the priests of that church might purchase vestments. Twickenham received still higher honour in the year 948, when the manor itself was granted to Christ Church, Canterbury.

Some readers will naturally expect that so ancient a place, and one brought into such close connection with Canterbury, must possess a noble church, in which Saxon columns and rich mediæval tracery are preserved. The expectation will be disappointed. Were it not for the ancient tower and the surrounding churchyard, the exterior of the church might lead a visitor to regard it as a town-hall, erected about a hundred and fifty years ago, by some local builder, who had taken the job on “the lowest possible terms.” Surely no one in Twickenham will quarrel with us for expressing our humble opinion. No parishioner of the present day is held responsible for the odd tastes of his ancestors in the days of Queen Anne, when the former church fell down, as if tired of the world and its ways. We

admit, too, that the architect laboured hard to give a “classical air” to his brick pile, and that all his endeavours were frustrated by the presence of that obstinate old tower of the eleventh century. If that grey and weather-beaten pile would only have fallen with the church, all might have been well. The classical brick building, in the “Augustan” style, would not have been much out of harmony with the brick houses in front and at the sides; as it is, there stands that “stern old tower of other days,” looking, with all the dignity of seven centuries, on the brick-and-mortar building to which it has been so unhappily united. A little ivy, of modern growth, is doing its best to clothe the walls with a picturesque covering, and even now is hiding much of the dull brick surface. The interior of the church has no architectural recommendations except neatness, convenience, and capacity for accommodating a congregation. These merits are not to be lightly esteemed, and we must be satisfied with the absence of that suggestive architecture often found in places far less noted than Twickenham.

Twickenham Church is chiefly interesting to visitors from the grave of one who has given the ancient village a place in the annals of literature. Alexander Pope lies in the aisle. There is no sign to point out the exact position of the grave, over which the congregation may pass, from Sunday to Sunday, without being once reminded of the famous “bard of Twickenham.” The exact site of the poet’s burial-place is, of course, well known to those acquainted with the church, and is readily pointed out to strangers. To see any visible memorials of Pope, we must go to the north gallery, which contains two monumental tablets, one raised by the poet him-

self to the memory of his parents, the other erected in 1761 by Bishop Warburton, in honour of his friend and literary associate. Pope seems to have intended that the memorial in honour of his father and mother should also be his own monumental tablet. The introduction of the word "sibi" (*for himself*) seems to suggest this view. The English verse on the Warburton monument is supposed to be spoken by the departed poet; and, when thus viewed, appears insufferably arrogant, and utterly wanting in the calm dignity of the grave—pride and ill-natured satire speak in every line. Why should the poet pettishly declare that he "*would not be buried in Westminster Abbey?*"—Because, forsooth, he scorned the company of "heroes and kings!" Very fine, doubtless, and very sentimental; but also very false and very affected. This English part of the inscription is as follows:—

"FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN  
WESTMINSTER ARBEY.

"Heroes and kings, your distance keep;  
In peace let one poor poet sleep,  
Who never flattered folks like you:  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

The concluding advice to Horace and Virgil was doubtless well intended, but is not likely to benefit them, as they cannot be expected to read an admonition in the gallery of Twickenham Church.

Though Pope raised a monument to both his parents here, it appears that only *one*, the mother, is buried near the poet. The father, Mr. Alexander Pope, was probably interred at Chiswick, 26th of October, 1717, just before the family removed to Twickenham. Mrs. Pope died at the age of ninety-one, and was buried in this church, "June 18th, 1733, on Monday night." It appears to have been a torch-light funeral. The pall was borne by six of the "oldest poor women," and the coffin carried by the same number of poor "oldest" men. The old people had doubtless been recipients of Mrs. Pope's alms.

An incident befell a gentleman, a short time ago, in Twickenham, which shows how little memorials, even of famous men, impress the minds of your "ordinary folk." The gentleman was directed, by a pleasant-looking shopkeeper in the principal street, in the right way to the church. Seeing his informant afterwards in the street, a reference was made to the monuments in the north gallery.

"Monuments!—monuments to Pope, in the gallery? Never knew that before, sir; I've gone to that church for twenty years, sir, and never saw those monuments. Well, it's very odd."

Of course the gentleman could only assent to the concluding remark; it was "very odd."

At this point some may inquire whether the

entire body of Pope is really in the coffin under that stone marked with a P. Some writers positively declare that the skull, at least, was removed during some repairs of the church, many years ago. Another states that it was actually shown to an audience by a phrenological lecturer, who pointed out a peculiar thinness of the front bone. The celebrated Dr. Spurzheim is said to have had Pope's skull in his possession; and a recent writer seems to know its present hiding-place, in a private cabinet, so minutely does he describe some of its peculiar incidents. We are informed that £50 induced "somebody" to abstract the real skull, and to put another in its place. On the other hand, some of those long connected with the church disbelieve all these reports, and assert that the skull, or at least a skull was seen in the coffin a few years ago. This last statement may be quite correct, but it proves nothing to the purpose, if the ingenious thief substituted a head for the one which he removed. We know there are enthusiastic phrenologists who maintain that such an "exchange is no robbery," and that the skull of Pope is more useful to science in a museum than in a grave. We really think the gentleman who has the relic should acknowledge the possession, and put an end to the controversy. The parish and other officials would probably now forgive the original offence, especially if a liberal sum were paid down as "conscience money."

The connection of Pope with Twickenham was of many years' duration. The father removed from his forest home at Binfield, in 1716, to "Mawson's New Buildings," Chiswick; and in about a year after his death Mrs. Pope and her son took up their residence for life at Twickenham, where "The Villa" became another "House of Fame." Here the poet habitually received some of the most famous men of his time, and spent many a leisure and many a happy hour in beautifying his grotto, and laying out his gardens. No visitor to Twickenham need inquire for his villa; the "China House," as the people call it, now stands on the site, but the tunnel under the road, known as the grotto, remains, and we can still walk round the bit of land which once contained the floricultural treasures of Pope. The chestnuts, elms, and cedars remain, as "Twickenham Villas" have not yet been built on the site; but the "quincunx," the vines, melons, pineapples, arches, porticoes, and columns have long since disappeared. Even the famed weeping willow, said to have been the first planted in England, has fallen, not, however, by any Vandal axe, but by a tempest in 1801. The visitor who now paces the silent road by the "China House," smiling at that formidable white dog, which, though only of stone, looks as if ready to tear down any incautious stranger who should trespass on the entrance to Pope's former garden,

will, perhaps, recall the names of the famous men who oft assembled here. Pope was naturally proud of being the centre of England's literary life. In the year 1736 he writes: "I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance within twenty years past." Most of these were visitors at the Twickenham villa. The mere enumeration of a few names of Pope's intimates is like the unfolding of an historic roll. The passionate and ironical Swift; the plotting and free-thinking Bolingbroke; the refined Addison; the easy, pleasant Gay; Steele, the dramatist, essayist, and politician; Congreve, the wit, poet, and man of fashion; Arbuthnot, the able physician and merry satirist; Prior, whose "City Mouse and Country Mouse" will not allow us to forget him; Bishop Atterbury, the Jacobite, and Bishop Warburton, the critic; the Dukes of Queensbury, and Buckingham and Chandos; Lords Bathurst, Burlington, Carlton, Peterborough, Hervey, Halifax, Oxford, and the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, were all ranked among the friends of Pope. Then there were the ladies, the Duchess of Queensbury, Countess of Winchelsea, Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey, and especially Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who all, at one period or another, were the associates and delighted patronesses of the "ugly little poet." The last, indeed, complimented Pope by first admiring, if not loving, and then fervently hating him. The "villa" was truly in those days the gathering place of wit, learning, literature, and beauty. The friends of Pope were of all religious and political parties; Whigs and Tories, members of the Church of England, adherents of the Pope, and speculative infidels, were the intimate companions of a poet, who was himself a Roman Catholic.

Most of our readers must be so familiar with the principal facts in the life of Pope that the briefest statement of these will suffice to revive the remembrance of his biography.

The future poet was probably born in the City of London, in Lombard Street, on the 21st of May, 1688, the year of the "Glorious Revolution." His father, Mr. Alexander Pope, seems to have been a linen merchant, trading with Portugal, whose residence was in Broad Street before his removal to Lombard Street. Attempts have been made to trace the descent of the family from the Earls of Down, and Pope was not unwilling to support this idea, on account of which one of his biographers is needlessly wrathful. The poet's mother was Edith Turner, his father's second wife, and the stone obelisk, erected to her memory by her son, was a few years ago removed from Pope's garden

at Twickenham to Gopsall House, the seat of Earl Howe, Leicestershire. The poet's life, to the age of about twenty-nine, was passed principally at Binfield, and the remainder at Twickenham. At the former place he was called when a child "the little nightingale." "Pope's study" is still shown in the old house, and "Pope's wood," on a hill close by, is said to have been his favourite resort.

Our poet had become famous before Twickenham became his home. He had published the "Pastorals" in 1709, and these were followed in rapid succession by the "Essay on Criticism," "The Messiah," "Rape of the Lock," his "Windsor Forest," and the "Temple of Fame." He had also published the first volume of his translation of the "Iliad," for which he had obtained subscribers for 654 copies, each to consist of six quarto volumes at a guinea a volume. During Pope's residence at Twickenham he published his translation of the "Odyssey," an edition of Shakespeare, the famous "Dunciad," the "Essay on Man," and other works. The "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dunciad," are those which best show his peculiar powers. The light but elegant fancy of the former, and the vindictive sarcasm of the latter, are indexes to Pope's mental character. "The Dunciad," or History of Dunces, is the work on which this poet's fame will finally rest.

We have no space to describe the quarrels of the Twickenham bard with the literary men of his day, or to state the evidence on which he is charged with literary fraud in the concoction of letters and the falsification of dates. For the same reason, we must refrain from arguing the question, whether Pope should be classed with the great poets or with the great verse makers; whether he was "dust a little gilded, or gold a little dusted."

Pope continued his literary work to the end of life. Dropsy weakened him, and the power of continuous thought became enfeebled; but he wrote, argued, criticised, and talked to the end. Two days before his death he dined with many friends, most of whom were startled to hear a few hours later, on the 30th of May, 1744, that the great versifier of the eighteenth century was dead.

Space forbids us to attempt a delineation of his character. He may have been vindictive, but he was also generous; scornful he was towards the insolent and pretentious, but most gentle to his dependents; haughty we must admit him to have been, but his pride preserved him from flattering the infamous, or worshipping the mean. With all his faults, and all his defects, he fills a special niche in the Temple of Literature. No country has a "Dunciad," save England.

W. D.



## BY THE RAVENSBOURNE, NEAR CATFORD BRIDGE.

**G**AZING on the shining waters—  
 (Classic waters say the sages:  
 Cæsar and his Roman legions  
 Drank them in the vanished ages.\*)

Sparkling now between the alders,  
 Now beneath the wavering shadows,  
 Now in light and beauty dancing  
 Through the green and flowery meadows;

Far away from roaring cities,  
 And their care, and toil, and riot,  
 Here I love to lie and ponder,  
 In this grassy home of quiet.

Gazing on the shining waters,  
 Visions of our ancient foemen,  
 Hot and thirsty rise before me,  
 Headed by the grand old Roman;

And I see the huge encampment,  
 And I hear the rush and rattle  
 Of the war-steeds, and the neighing,  
 And the thunder of the battle;

And I see the warlike Briton,  
 Heedless, scorning death and danger,  
 Fierce and mocking and defiant,  
 Warring with the southern stranger.

Then the vision fades in music,  
 Music from the boughs above me,  
 And I turn to hark and listen  
 To the welcome sounds that move me;

And I catch a glimpse of Beauty,  
 Ankle deep among the daisies,

\* Cæsar is said to have watered his forces from the source of the Ravensbourne, directed thither by the repeated flight of a raven in its direction.

Fresh and radiant as the morning,  
 Worth a poet's warmest praises.

O'er the rustic stile she clammers,  
 And is lost to me for ever,  
 Hid among the quivering branches,  
 Bending by the shining river.

And I think how many maidens,  
 Dazzling as a dream of glory,  
 Down that shady walk have wandered,  
 Listening to Love's tender story;

And how many, I keep thinking,  
 By that stile have met and parted:  
 Tottering age and lisping childhood,  
 Youth and maiden happy hearted.

Here I deem some luckless poet,  
 Wearied with the world's distresses,  
 May have charmed his griefs to slumber,  
 Wrapt in Nature's warm caresses—

May have learned to smile in pity  
 At the world and all its folly—  
 May have felt his soul flow upward,  
 Filled with thoughts devout and holy.

Here, too, in the spirit often  
 Shall I lie and muse and ponder,  
 Thrilled with sunny bursts of gladness,  
 Though afar my footsteps wander.

Ever fair these flowery meadows,  
 Ever bright that shining river,  
 Ever green the elms that shade it,  
 In my heart shall be for ever

MATTHIAS BARR.

## FAITHFUL JERRY WAGSTAFF; OR, THE DANGER OF PRACTICAL JOKING.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE," ETC.

## PART I.

"**M**AUSSY me!" exclaimed Jerry Wagstaff, as he paused, currycomb in hand, to take breath, and survey the well-conditioned chestnut mare whose coat he had been scratching over, to that wis-s-s-sing which all knights of the stable indulge in, under similar circumstances, and which seems indispensable to the successful polishing up of harness, or the washing of a carriage, or the trundling of a mop; "and so here's Christmas hard upon us once more. How time do go, to be sure!" He put his fingers upon a bald spot on the top of his head not bigger than a half-crown,

sighed, and continued: "An' them imps o' boys comin' to plague the life out o' me again, I s'pose."

These observations had been called forth by the fact that Mr. Luke Drake, of Mercer Lodge, Lewisham, had, five minutes back, given instructions that the horse and four-wheeled chaise should be got ready without delay, as he intended to drive to Paddington Station, to meet his two sons, who were coming home for the holidays.

"I've many a time been on the p'int o' givin' warnin', through that Master Arthur; and George isn't much better. I shan't forget the trick they played me last Midsummer as ever was—puttin' a whole pound o' treacle in my Sunday hat, and then

elappin' it on my head, and holdin' it there till the nasty sticky stuff was a runnin' down my neck and face, like b'illin' pitch down a fence-post. Lor! what a sight my head was, to be sure; I see it in the glass with the corner of one eye that wasn't quite bunged up, and I couldn't help laughing for the life o' me. It looked for all the world like an immense brandy ball. My hair's never been the same since—not a ghost of a curl in it now, though before then I used to get it to twist a bit. Ah! well, I s'pose they'll know better some day."

After this, Jerry set to work putting Peggy to. Now, although Jerry had talked of having been on the point of throwing up his situation so often, on account of the practical jokes played upon him by his young masters, yet he could no more have done so, than he could have climbed a rainbow. He had had but that one situation all his life—had come into Mercer Lodge as a knife and boot boy, and, though not over sharp in some things, had gradually risen into a perfect Admirable Chrichton of domestic life. He was groom, footman, coachman, and butler, rolled up in one. His master, a gentleman of independent means, who had just turned over the fifty-sixth page of the book of his life, and was only now beginning to show a ray or two of silver amid his bright brown locks, knew well how to estimate the qualities of his man-servant, who was honest as the day and true as steel. Nor was Jerry less esteemed by his mistress, a lady who had attained her—Stop; we had forgotten. It is rude to tell a lady's age; therefore the reader must be satisfied with the statement that she was in the very prime of life, good as she was good-looking, and good-looking as she was good.

"Aha!" cries some little sharp-shins; "why that's telling us nothing. She might, for all that you have said, have been both ugly and bad."

For your comfort's sake, little sharp-shins, and in justice to Mrs. Drake, I must beg to state, that that lady was a perfect duck of a woman. Beautiful of complexion, blue eyes and flaxen hair—equal to the best blonde wax doll ever seen in the Lowther Arcade—rather tall of stature, and decidedly graceful of figure.

Mr. Drake was a merry-hearted man, with a round red face, who filled everybody with pleasant thoughts and feelings, and was as fond of a game of romps as any colt or kitten. He was a true Christian, a religious man in the highest sense, full of charitable feeling; and that had much to do with his cheerfulness of character. The family was rather small; for, besides the two boys already mentioned, there was but one child, and that a daughter. The ages of these were respectively fifteen, fourteen, and thirteen, Arthur being the oldest and Fanny the youngest. When his children were with him at holiday-time, Mr. Drake moved like a man upon springs, and seemed as if breathing laughing-gas from morning

to night. He gave juvenile parties of the most wonderful character, and would let off fireworks, or exhibit magic lanterns, according to the season, regardless of expense. All the children took after him in love of fun; but somehow they had got a notion into their heads that there was more merriment to be found in a practical joke than anything else. Hence arose the disposition, to plague others, which poor Jerry complained of. Understand us, the juvenile Drakes were not given to wilfully inflicting pain of mind or body upon any one, still for all that, their practical joking not unfrequently produced such results.

Knowing their tendency in this direction, both father and mother had cautioned them, times out of number, and they had always promised to heed the advice. Alas! when the opportunity came for a bit of real mischief, their good resolutions vanished. They had stuck lighted squibs into the cobbler's key-hole, and been delighted when they saw him rush out, half-choked. But when he commenced laying his strap about some unoffending passer-by, and the injured party caught up a stone and cracked the cobbler's skull with it, then they were truly grieved. After tying the laundress's barrow behind a Hansom cab, their mirth was unbounded as it rattled off, at the rate of ten miles an hour, pursued by the alarmed woman, bawling, "Stop thief!" When, however, they saw all the clean linen tumbled out on to the dirty road, they really felt sorry for what they had done. But their contrition was poor consolation to the injured parties. To proceed: The chaise was soon ready, when, just as Mr. Drake was about to take his seat, up came a messenger, post-haste, to inform him that an old friend residing in Blackheath, who for several days had been dangerously ill, requested his immediate presence. This caused an alteration in the programme. Mr. Drake jumped into the carriage sent for him, and Jerry was instructed to drive to Paddington and meet the boys. There was plenty of time, and so our knight of the stable, who was fond of the mare, let her "take it easy" all the way; even then he arrived at the station fully twenty minutes before the train. At length, hoosh! hoosh! hoosh! the engine came panting beside the platform. There was not much trouble necessary to discover the young Drakes, as they were both head and shoulders out of the carriage windows, waving their handkerchiefs to attract Jerry's attention the while they were gliding into the station. When the train stopped they were among the first out, and they looked so jolly and spoke so kindly, that the groom instantly forgot all past wrongs, and saw in them only two high-spirited boys, a little mischievous sometimes, but good-hearted fellows nevertheless. The luggage was soon handed in, and they up and away. A hundred yards had barely been rattled over, when the senior lad called upon Jerry to stop.

"What's the matter, Mr. Arthur?" inquired he.

"Why, I've left a small carpet bag under the seat of the carriage, it is No. 121; just run back and see after it."

"Yes, sir," returned Jerry, drawing close to the path and jumping out. "Don't touch the mare with the whip, sir, please, and she'll stand quiet."

"All right," was the response.

A horse is a very tempting toy to most boys, and no sooner did Arthur find the reins between his fingers, and Jerry out of sight, than he commenced gee-upping and wo-backing. Horses are very sensitive as well as sensible animals, and Peggy was soon disgusted with the behaviour of the strange hand; she shook her head and threw back her ears, to mark her displeasure. Presently a taste of whip, the forbidden fruit, was administered. At this moment the servant appeared with the bag in his hand.

"Suppose we give old Jerry a trot?" said Arthur to his brother, who was sitting behind.

"He'll be waxy, won't he?" asked the other.

"What matters?"

"Well, go on then," and with a hearty "Ha! ha!" Arthur jerked the reins and flicked the whip, and off set Peggy. Jerry called on them to stop, but they had not had enough fun out of him yet, so they pretended not to see or hear him. Again the whip was applied, and at the same instant came the shrill scream of a steam-whistle. The mare took fright, gave a jump, and tore away at full gallop. The boys, who were nearly flung out, by the suddenness of the start, became greatly alarmed, and Arthur, losing his presence of mind, let go the reins; this only added to the danger. Off they went, up one street and down another, everything getting out of their way. The cheeks of the delinquents grew white as death, horror was written upon the faces of the people past whom they were flying, and some cried after them to throw themselves out, but they neither saw nor heard. They clung, in blind bewilderment and fear, to the sides of the chaise, as drowning people clutch at anything within reach, straws even.

One mile, two miles were thus traversed, they expecting to be dashed to pieces every moment, when, most providentially, the mare turned up a narrow street that had no outlet, and was brought to a dead stand. When she discovered her mistake, she would have turned and again made off, but a dustman ran from his cart and laid a hand on her bridle. Poor thing! how distressed and alarmed she was; her flanks quivered, her sides panted, her nostrils dilated, and she trembled from head to hoof, and a thick perspiration had broken out all over her. A knot of people soon gathered round, anxious to learn the cause of the mare's bolting, whether she had done much damage, &c. &c., as well as to congratulate the boys on their narrow escape. Singularly enough, not any direct damage had been

done, save the breakage of a strap or two. A policeman now came up, and, after learning the particulars, much to the discomfiture of both young gentlemen, produced a small pocket-book and took down their names and the address of their parents. At his advice the dustman led the horse out into the main thoroughfare, and so back in the direction of the station, where presently, to their great relief, they detected the approach of Jerry. Poor fellow, he had followed at the top of his speed, and was almost as distressed as the mare, and puffed and panted like a locomotive. When he saw that his young masters were uninjured, and that Peggy had not been down, he was ready to cry with joy; though, after he had recovered himself a little, he administered a lecture to the offenders which they well merited.

Having scraped the foam from Peggy's flanks, and rubbed her down with a whip of staw, he ran off, and came back with something in a pail which he termed a "cordal," and which the quadruped seemed thoroughly to appreciate. Then he patted and fondled her for some minutes, calling her "a dear old hoss" and "a brave old lass," and made noises with his mouth very similar to those which nurses make to please very young children. After this he mounted, gave his favourite her head, and resumed the journey homeward. For some time not a word was spoken. At last Arthur, seeing what he thought an opportunity—that is, Jerry's brow somewhat relax its stern expression—in humble tones, said, "Don't tell pa anything about what has happened, there's a good old Jerry."

The other made no sign, but kept his eyes fixed steadfastly ahead.

"You won't tell, Jerry, will you?" pleaded George.

"Not if we promise never to do so any more," continued Arthur.

"Promise, indeed!" ejaculated the groom. "Promises, like pie-crustes, with some people, are made to be broken."

Having delivered himself of this observation, he again fell into a silent mood, from which his young masters in vain endeavoured to draw him. The nearer they approached home, the more anxious they became to conciliate the offended servant, and win his promise to secrecy. He was immovable as rock. Westminster Bridge was crossed; and as they passed an advertising station, a large pictorial poster attracted their attention, announcing a grand Christmas entertainment at the Crystal Palace.

"That will be jolly!" observed the elder boy. "I say, Jerry, wouldn't you like to go and see it—eh?"

No response, save a slight, almost imperceptible, smile. That was sufficient encouragement, however.

"I know pa," continued the speaker, "would give you an afternoon, if you were to ask, and I know somebody else who would pay all your expenses."

The frown returned to Jerry's brow, and he again

became quite abstracted in his driving. Arthur sighed, and once more besought that the misdeed should be kept secret. The other curtly replied that he knew his duty.

"What place is that with the dome, Jerry?" inquired George.

"Bedlam madhouse, where Squire Trundle's coachman was put into, all because his young masters give him a fright as turned his whole mask of blood and brain, through appearing at his bedside one night dressed up like two ghosts. He'd often warned 'em, but it was of no use."

This rebuke again closed the mouths of both offenders.

The Old Kent Road was reached. They seemed as far off as ever from getting a promise out of Jerry. They were exquisitely miserable. Instead of looking upon their near approach to home with delight, they would have given something to have been rolling off in any other direction; for though Mr. Drake was so genial and fun-loving, yet, under just provocation, he could both say and do severe things. It was quite impossible to imagine how seriously he might not regard the deed of which they had been guilty.

Just before getting to the half-way house, Jerry looked round upon the boys. George had got tears in his eyes, and Arthur's face was as long as a donkey's. A relenting expression stole over the countenance of the groom, and was perceived in a

second. Drowning men, as we have said, catch at straws, when nothing better is at hand; and our youngsters, who were in a sea of tribulation, and might have been said to have already gone down twice, made a final grab, ere they gave themselves up for lost. In a breath they exclaimed—

"Oh, Jerry! don't tell this time, and we'll never do anything like it again."

Jerry tried to reassume his severe manner, but he had already forgiven them in his heart, and so his face would not tell stories to please him.

"Well," said he, after a few seconds' pause, "I won't get you into trouble this time; but, mind me, if ever you gets up to any o' them larks again, I certainly shall complain to master, an' no mistake about it."

"Oh, you good old fellow!" cried Arthur, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"That he is," chimed in George. "Why, he's worthy to be made a 'Cemented Brick' of." This was an allusion to a secret society in their school, every member of which was pledged to aid and assist every other member in any and every way, both in and out of school.

"Not quite so much soft sawder, young gentlemen," returned the groom. "On'y keep your word, that's all I care for."

"That we certainly will!" exclaimed both.

In the next part we shall see how they fulfilled this solemn promise.

## A HYMN OF YOUTH.



### I.

O young, whose hearts are beating  
With hope and gladness high!  
Remember time is fleeting,  
Remember ye must die!  
Daily the stream runs faster  
On to the Eternal Sea;  
Soon must we meet our Master,  
His throne of judgment see.

### II.

And ere to life's December  
With failing steps ye come,  
Your Maker, God, remember,  
And he shall guide you home;  
Before the senses weaken,  
Before the sight grows dim,  
And ye are sorrow-stricken,  
Oh, come and worship Him!

### III.

Shall weariness and weakness  
Alone to Him be given,  
Who trod the earth in meekness,  
For us forsaking heaven?  
Shall only lips that falter,  
And hearts with age grown cold,  
Be offered on the altar  
Which Jesus raised of old?

### IV.

From Zion runs the river  
Of Christ's abounding love;  
Who drinks shall live for ever  
In those blest realms above!  
Come, while your hearts are singing  
Beneath a cloudless sky,  
To where that fount is springing,  
And drink and never die!

C.